

THE
BRAVO turn'd BULLY;
K OR, THE
DEPREDATORS.

A
Dramatic ENTERTAINMENT.

Founded on some late Transactions in *AMERICA*.



L O N D O N:

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PROLOGUE.

TO right an injur'd Nation, who denies?
Your Hands forbid then; lend your Hearts
and Eyes.

True Stories will the Load of both excuse,
And lead the Reader to protect the Muse.

Let mercenary Souls Relation plead:

True English Honour is our Author's Mead;

H^e has not a Drop of Spanish Blood, indeed.

Born since Queen Bess's Days, with Warmth he reads
The emulative Glory of her Deeds.

A Cecil then push'd his great Mistress on,
And shar'd in all the Laurels she had won.

A Drake, a Raleigh, execute her Will,
And not one Cammock shifted—or sat still.

But when, with trembling Hearts, Spaniards begg'd Peace.

How gladly was she own'd the Mistress of the Seas?

If Times have alter'd since, the Time may come,
When George may deign to bring Reflection home.

Our Sailors with auspicious Zeal declare;

What Frenzy then can disapprove the War?

To prove the Justice justifies our Scenes,

While every Mouth, tho' hardly in its Teens,

Cries, May our Kings exceed our Pair of Queens!

Attend, true English Hearts! these honest Lines.

If faulty, 'xcuse him for his good Designs.

To vindicate his Country is his Aim:

Wink at his Faults; he does not write for Fame;

And honest Meanings, sure, don't merit Blame.

At least, an honest Cause, with Shame attended,

May envy'd be Abroad----tho' not at Home amended.

INTER-

INTERLOCUTORS.

Men.

Don Pedrillo, Governor of the *Havana*.

Gomez,

Ruyz,

Barbarossa,

} His Council.

Jenkins, Captain of an
English Merchant-Ship.

Manly, another, lately
marry'd to *Eliza*.

Richwell,

and

Merry,

Splendissimo,

and

Guzman,

} Two other
Eng. Capt.

} All taken by *Spaniards*.

} Creatures of *D. Pedrillo*.

Lopez, His Butler.

British Sailors, Prisoners.

Jailor, Officers, Attendants, &c.

Women.

Donna Caterina, Wife to *Pedrillo*.

Eliza, Wife to *Manly*.

Fidelia, Companion to *Caterina*.

Lettice, Servant to *Eliza*.

SCENE *Don Pedrillo's House at the Havana.*



S C E N E I.

The Council-Room in Don *Pedrillo*,
the Governor's House.

Don Pedrillo, Gomez, Ruyz, and Barbarossa,
in Council.

Pe. **T**HUS far, my Friends, I think, we have done our selves and Country Justice. Let Heretick Dogs repine and show their Teeth; nick-name us Pirates, Plunderers, and what not. Under the Banner of our Holy Father while we fight, such heretical Jargon can never weigh with True-Believers. He gave these wide Dominions to the Sons of *Spain*;----and who, but Hereticks, dare call in Question the Validity of this sacred Donative?

Go. The bare Dispute of such a Title is Heresy and damnable;----it would be setting up the highest Falsities against the highest Truths; as if Infallibility could err. — This then the Basis of our Royal Master's Power: By this he rules; and we by this
B assert

assert his Rule. But why waste we Words? The very Breath they blame us with affirms the Justice of our Actions:— For who arraigns? who but the impious Heretick? And Faith, if we are rightly taught, is forfeit there.

Ru. For my Part, here I stand, and firmly steel'd my Heart: No Adamant impenetrable as that. My Confessor has seal'd my Pardon for the Worst: Thence Acts of Cruelty with me are Acts of Merit. Close as my Shirt it sits upon me, and even when I recollect its choice Contents, a Heretick with me no other Aspect wears than that of a mad Mastiff, brain'd to prevent impending Evils.

Ba. If so, then where's the Use of all our formal Councils? Why do we not dispatch, confiscate and condemn as soon as seiz'd? 'Tis Waste of Time to summon or to hear. Their Capture in the Limits of the holy Donative is of it self Conviction. By our Forbearance, we furnish the Enemy with Pretext to call in Question Justice. But sure Religious Principles correct Human Law. You affirming that, is it not sinful to protract?

Pe. In Strictness, I agree it is: But Prudence here exacts Formality.— A Shew of Justice carries Shew of Honour;— Regard to Prince and People plead for it; since, with the spiritual Donation, our Prince receiv'd the pompous Title of Most Catholick, Treaties with Heretick Kings may seem forbid; yet Policy, we see, allows 'em useful.

Go. And safely too: Since, to maintain that Catholick Character, he may break 'em whenever seen convenient.

Ru. May! Do you say? Our holy Church says Must: Otherwise, of less Degree, our holy Inquisition would purge the fear'd Apostacy with Flames.

Ba. Arm'd

Ba. Arm'd as we are with Power of every Sort, why, in the Name of holy Church, go we not on with Intrepidity? And he who slacks his Hand, say I, let holy Virgin slacken her Protection in the appalling Minutes of Extremity.

Pe. Every good Catholick must say Amen to that. ---But say, my Friends, tho' we have confiscated the Ships, and Cargoes too, of those within, shall we not condescend to admit their *quondam* Owners here before us, and give 'em Leave to ease their Lungs in a little Prate, before we pass a final Sentence on their Persons?

Go. A little Railing, of which we may assure ourselves, may help to clear their Stomachs: ---As we know gentle Emeticks throw off the Fuel of a malignant Fever.

Ru. I see no Reason for that needless Lenity, Governor: --- However, if you deem it necessary, I submit.

Ba. I am of Opinion with Don *Ruyz*: --- But, since the Governor proposes it, I say, give the Heretick Dogs one Opportunity of discharging a little of their Choler; --- since it may administer Harmony to our Ears.

Go. And perhaps entertain our Eyes with a Saraband may make our Hearts dance.

Pe. (Ringing a Bell) --- Let the Captives be brought in.

[To an Officer entering.]

SCENE II.

Enter *Jenkins*, *Manly*, *Richwell* and *Merry*, chain'd:
Eliza following.

Pe. The Council of his most Catholick Majesty, having found good Reason to confiscate and condemn

demn your Ships and Cargoes, have, to evince the Lenity of their potent Master (whom may the Virgin and all the holy Saints preserve) thought fit to send for you now before 'em, to hear what you have to offer, before they pass Sentence on your Persons.

Je. Sentence! What Sentence? Will you make Men Criminals for doing their Duty? Or condemn them for not offending against any of the Laws of either God or Man? You tax'd us, indeed, with carrying on a clandestine Trade; but prov'd nothing: — Unless it was that we had rigidly stuck close to Treaties sign'd by your own Princes. Others you say had contraband Goods found upon 'em; and, as an Instance, produce a small Bag or two of Silver and Gold Coin, such, as you assert, is no where to be found but in the Dominions of the *Spaniards*: To obviate which, it was plainly made appear, by the whole Ship's Crew, that their Vessel, during its whole Voyage, had never touch'd at any *Spanish* Port; and was, when taken, upon a trading Voyage between our own Settlements. Notwithstanding all which, you have judg'd fit to confiscate and condemn our Ships and Cargoes, and imprison all who were found aboard; not only without being able to produce any allow'd Law for it, but even against all Law, nay the highest of human Laws, the Law of Nations.

Pe. A very specious Harangue! — Nevertheless we shall proceed farther, if you continue obstinate —

Je. This Day is yours: Ours may be next and fairer. However, this I will be free to tell you, that, tho' you should cut me off by untimely Death, which I expect and am prepared for, I have sent before-hand your butcherly Message, and the Subject of it, to my Royal Master, who, I doubt not, will make you remember pass'd Ages, and in
a proper

a proper Manner resent your more than Canibal Usage of his faithful Subjects.

Pe. You have, you say? But a prudent Man, my small Friend, never will excruciate himself with Evils at a Distance. In the mean Time, we shall evince the Justice of what we have done, by what we shall do farther.

Ma. A Sort of Banditti Justice! First rob the Traveller of his Money, then cut his Throat. For, in my Opinion, you have already done much more than you can honestly justify. Pray what avail Treaties between Princes, if Subjects, with Impunity, may break in upon 'em at Pleasure? Can you hope your King will be as supine and careless as yourselves? Tho' meanly you prefer Profit to Honour, I would not willingly believe of any crown'd Head so lowly as to imagine one could be found so mean as to entertain a Thought, that Honour and Glory are not infinitely preferable to ill-got Treasure. And as to what in me you reckon Misdemeanor, know, I deride your Logick and despise your Threats. But sure your ancient Boast, Knight Errantry, was at a strange low Ebb, when you made the Female a Partner with her Husband for a Crime which, if a Crime, could never belong to her. You thought, perhaps, thereby to wound me most sensibly, and I thank your Malice for its most exquisite Intelligence in my Heart; tho' at the same Time I detest and abhor your Barbarity.

Pe. It is owing to her own wilful Obstinacy.----I offer'd her my House and Table.

Ma. Thanks to her Vertue, she contemn'd the Offer, ----O *Eliza!* dear *Eliza!*

El. Never afflict yourself, my dear *Manly*, for me: I share your Lot, and that's a Share to my honest *English* Heart no Prince on Earth can better. *Eliza,*
my

my Royal Name-sake, once made their Nation tremble:---And, tho' I want her Power to execute my Will, thy *Eliza*, my *Manly*, shall so lesson the *Barbarian* Crew, that, when they murder thee, they murder me : For live I will no longer.

Pe. (To himself) a brave Heart!---But braver Hearts have been mistaken.

To *Richwell*) Well, Friend: Have you any Thing to offer in Behalf of your Silver Hairs? -----
I pity -----

Ri. Pity is but despis'd, when given in Scorn. But upon what Account am I call'd upon? 'Tis Time enough to answer, when my Crime appears.

Pe. Was there not *Spanish* Money found aboard your Vessel?

Ri. Did not my Sailors prove it taken up in our own Plantations?

Go. Your own Plantations? Who made 'em yours?

Ru. Or in which of 'em are there Mines of Gold and Silver?

Ri. 'Tis true it was not *English* Coin; the *Pagan* Figure manifested as much.

Me. Pagan call you it? You do it too much Honour. For, as our Countryman *Cleveland* says, a *Spanish* Ducaton is exactly of the Cut of a crop-ear'd Puritan's Poll: Which would lead a Man to think 'em both of one Original; especially as these hang, like those, their Consciences on the Outside of their Girdles.

(*Aside to Richwell.*)

Pe. What's that the Fellow mutters?

Me. Somewhat more to your Honour, Don, than you are aware of.

Pe. Say you so? what was it?

Me. That it is very imprudent to stand upon Trifles, when Life lies at Stake.

Pe. Ha !

Pe. Ha! very true Friend! and you shall fare the better for it, if I understand you right ~~-----~~
(*Softly to Merry.*)

Me. (To himself) I shall not be the first Man who has thriven by speaking without Meaning.

Pe. Officer, hark you:---Let this honest Man's Chains be struck off, and bid the Butler take Care of him.----I would have him made extremely welcome.

Me. (To himself) What's the Meaning of all this? But I'll humour it for Honesty's Sake.

Pe. Well, my Friend, what farther have they to do?
[*Exit Merry with Officer.*]

Go. To testify our unparallel'd Lenity, sufficient of itself to convince Gainfayers, I would humbly propose, if your Excellency so pleases, that the Prisoners may be indulg'd with a Day's Respite before Sentence. Who knows but some or other of 'em, if not all, on cooler Consideration, may return to a better Way of thinking, and implore your Mercy?

Ma. Our Thoughts will be the same: Therefore, now, now----

Je. Ma. Ri.--Ay, now, now.

Pe. In Compliance with your compassionate Motion, Don Gomez, it shall be so: Tho' you see their Obstinacy deserves it not: And, to take off all farther Clamour in Respect to the Female,--- why she shall have an Apartment here in my House.

El. I disdain your Clemency: A Prison with my dear Manly is better than a Palace without him.

Pe. Be better advis'd:---At least stay and hear what I have to offer. Perhaps I may propose somewhat for your Husband's Good and Safety.

El. Is there any Good to be expected from a Spaniard? I cannot think it.

Pe. Try

Pe. Try me, Fair One;—you shall find me a Person of stanch *Spanish* Puncto, and ———

El. I am of a different Way of thinking.

Pe. Why so hard of Belief?

El. Can you ask, and see my Husband and those others in that Condition?

Pe. If you delay their Inlargement, who is in Fault, You or I?

El. (Looking on *Manly*) Heigh ho ———

Ma. (Whispering) O *Eliza*, I dare trust thy Virtue;—but I dread his Power.

El. Our Hearts and Thoughts are one: I will not stay; so go along.

Pushing out Manly, the other Captains following.

Pe. You see, my Friends, how obstinate the Wretches are. Averse even to their own Interest. Therefore adjourn we till to-morrow.

Go. Till to-morrow then we take our Leaves of your Excellency.

Exeunt. Manet Pedrillo.

S C E N E III.

(After taking a Turn or two very thoughtful.)

Pe. It must be so;—have her I must;—I will possess her:—But how? Ay, there's the Difficulty.—Should even my own Friends suspect me, farewell to all Authority: For nothing lowers a Man in the Eyes of others so much as his own Weakness. My only Dependance is on that young *Englishman*. His Words seem'd to chime in with my Meaning, and promise somewhat of Tractability. Besides, to insure him, I order'd his Fetters off, and in so doing made Gratitude my Debtor. He is jovial too; and a Sum of Money added to his Liberty will be a powerful Orator. I must

must bribe high ;——even high as a Prime-Minister :——And where's the Hazard ? The Business over, the Money, was it Millions, cannot go astray : It shall find its Way ; but to its Master's proper Magazine. I must try him ——'Tis my last Stake :——And so *Con Licencia, Donna Prudencia*——

Rings the Bell.

Are the *Englishman* and my Butler together ?

To Servant entering.

Ser. They are, an't please your Excellency.

Pe. Has he taken Care to make him welcome ?

Ser. I believe so, an't please your Excellency ; For they have just tapp'd a fresh Bottle.

Pe. Very well. When it is finish'd, bid the Butler show him the Way hither. *Ex. Servant.*

This is all Right. That Bottle, with the other Ingredients may open his Heart, and contribute to compleat my Felicity.——Drunkenness is not a *Spanish* Vice : But, in order to promote a Vertue, it must be granted to be at least a Sort of Vertue to promote Drunkenness in another. And what is Vertue, if pleasing a Man's Self is not so ? To contribute to the Satisfaction of others is an allow'd Vertue : Sure then to contribute to our own is a much greater. As for the Sin, as the Schoolmen call it, of debauching, nay even of forcing the Wife of another Man, I value it not this——(*snapping his Fingers*) my good Father Confessor will absolve me for a Pistole : Nay, if he happens to be in a right good Humour, and I tell him 'twas the Wife of a Heretick, 'tis forty to one if he don't leave me to absolve myself, and throw in a Zest of Merit into the Bargain. But hark——I hear the Heretick coming, and by his stumbling he should be pretty far gone. If so, it is a good Omen that I am got so far on my Journey.

C

SCENE IV.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Butler with Merry.**Pe.* Have you observ'd my Orders, *Lopez*?*Bu.* Pretty well, an't please your Excellency—
As far as he would let me.*Pe.* Let you? I have heard say, a sober *Englishman* is a Comet.—— Now leave us. — (*To Butler.*)
Well, Friend (*to Merry*) Have they obey'd Orders, and made you welcome?*Me.* I thank your Honour; they have pretty plentifully dos'd me.*Pe.* I have been told, you *Englishmen* love a chiriping Cup.—Look you, Friend, if you incline to it, tho' I don't use it, I'll bear you Company in the other Bottle.*Me.* I return your Honour Thanks for your great Condescension: But I have as much as I can well talk under already.*Pe.* Well, then to Business.—

I think, I have done thee no small Piece of Service in ordering thy Fetters off: And I like thee so well, my Friend, that I am ready to do thee a yet greater, if thy Planets are not malevolently retrograde.

Me. I am hugely oblig'd to your Honour.*Pe.* Tell me then, what wouldst thou do to gain thy Liberty, and with it a Sum of Money which a Man of ten thousand Pistoles *per Annum* need not blush to accept of?*Me.* An't please your Honour, in my humble Opinion the Question is mis-stated. It ought to have been thus; What would a Man not do?*Pe.* I am corrected, Friend: Answer it your own Way.*Me.* Why truly, Murder and Treachery excepted—*Pe.* And why Treachery, Friend?*Me.* Because, in my Sentiment, the Man who will be treacherous, would not let slip a fair Opportunity

tunity of being a Murderer, when his Interest, attended with Security, call'd upon him.

Pe. But what dost thou mean by Treachery?

Me. In a Courtier, it implies to speak a Man fair and mean nothing; or rather, after reiterated Promises, even under his very Nose, to forget he ever saw him. In a Statesman, it is of a more extensive Tendency, and imports to flier in a Man's Face and cut his Throat; or, if you do not every Way comply with his Will and Pleasure, or refuse to drink his Health, to skrew you into a Plot, and send you packing out of the Way. But in Common Life, it means nothing more than your doing that by another which you would not have done to your self.

Pe. Well, what I shall propose to you will not come under any of these Definitions.

Me. Then I am yours: ——— So, as a Country-Man of mine says, name your Request and call it your Command, ——— if the Reward be consonant.

Pe. Ten thousand Pieces of Eight: ——— What say you?

Me. Ten thousand Pieces of Eight! Did you say ten thousand Pieces of Eight?

Pe. Smiling) I did; and repeat it.

Me. It would be abominably unfashionable even to consider of the Matter. ——— What is not in the Power of ten thousand Pieces of Eight to accomplish? Men have sold their Countries for a Fifth of it; and their Religion for a Tythe of that: And, sure, after the Bartering of those, that Man's Honour and Honesty would be over-rated at a single *Maravedi*. Well, I dare not resist the Temptation, for Fear of reproaching half the Universe. So please to name your *Postulatum*.

Pe. The Case, my Friend, in short is no more than this, You know I stand very unjustly re-

proach'd for a Defect of Tenderness to the Female among you; which Reproach I think my self in Honour obliged to wipe off. To that very Purpose, I have more than once made her Offers of my House and Table: But she still persists to slight and reject all my Condescensions. Now, Friend, if you will, or can by your own Dexterity or Interest, so order Matters as to bring it about, I shall clear my Reputation, and you will, in the ten thousand Pieces of Eight, gain a very useful Sum of Money.

Me. Doubtless very useful: And I wish I was as well secur'd of the Money as I am of doing the Thing;---for I see no great Difficulty in it.

Pe. Say you so, my Friend? Look you, there's Earnest — (*giving a Purse*) — it contains nothing but solid Gold: and the Residue are ready to follow, so soon as the Affair is finish'd.

Me. Ay marry, Sir.---We say, in our Country, Something has some Savour, and seeing is believing:— (*taking out a Handful*) Ha! 'Tis of the Right damning Colour: ——— Bright enough to clear the Eye-Sight both of Mind and Body——Well, Don; the better to bring Matters to bear, in my Opinion, two Things will be absolutely necessary.

Pe. What are those?

Me. First, That you order them both together to this Place, that I may offer them the best Reasons I am Master of to obtain a Compliance,——

Pe. Peevishly) Both together! What have I to do with the Husband?

Me. Pardon me, Don: You mistake the Matter grievously. Our *English* Wives are not like the Wives in some other Nations. They are so conjugally addicted, that they will have the Consent of their Husbands to their own Cuckoldom, If she be
right

right *English*, and true Standard, nothing is to be done without it.

Pe. Ah! Friend, I fear that will never do the Business——

Me. Then nothing will :—What operates like Example? Do you think his seeing me at Liberty would not provoke him to wish himself in the same desirable Situation?

Pe. But why would you chuse to send for 'em hither?

Me. Should I go among 'em, all together, the others may divert his Attention to what I say. That *Jenkins* is a malicious, splenatick Fellow; he takes the Loss of an Ear worse than another Man would take the Loss of his Head. But when I have 'em by themselves, I can give 'em such solid Reasons, and such an Account of your Generosity——

Pe. There is something in that. —— Well, what is the other?

Me. A mere Appendix of the former ;——only that his Chains be struck off before he comes.

Pe. Ah! Friend, but that may be dangerous——

Me. What Danger in a single Man with all your Guards about you? Will it not be in your Power to load him again when ever you please?

Pe. But suppose you should join him? —— Two enterprising Heads like yours may——

Me. Ha ha ha—merry enough, I vow——

Pe. What moves your Mirth, pray?

Me. To find how much you are mistaken in Mankind. Our stupid Forefathers, indeed, were Men of such flegmatick, heavy Understandings, that Honour was their Idol; and to offer to bribe 'em to any Thing which they imagin'd inconsistent with that, was to wound 'em in the most tender Part. But their sagacious Posterity are grown wiser; and Gold, glorious Gold, has now got the Ascendant, and has
rais'd

rais'd such a new Scheme of Morality and Ethicks, that nothing, in our auspicious Age, is held dishonorable which will produce that invivifying Metal. You see here, in me, one of those wise Schemists :— Can you think I'd lose my Gratuity to get, — what ?
 ——— Why an old Almanack ———

Pe. I confess, I do think you a wiser Man.

Me. Remember your own Country-Man, Count *Gondomar*. How did he model and manage a whole Court of ours by the Dint of Golden Arguments? Indeed he made his Compost so strong of Quicksilver, that the Minions of the Times, by their too frequent Use of it, intail'd upon their Posterity a Distemper near a-kin to that of *Gebazi*, which has oblig'd them to think it necessary ever since.

Pe. *Gondomar* was a great Man.

Me. He knew Men well, and Things better, No, no! never fear an *Englishman* : ——— Interest and He are inseparable.

Pe. Well, I will trust you. Remember the Reward, and let that make you faithful. I'll go and order 'em hither.

Ex. Pedrillo.

Me. Never fear my Part. (*To him going*) ——— And if I do effect what I have in my Head, I am much mistaken if you ever trust me again. O Hypocrisy! tho' her Opposite, I see thou may'st, on Occasion, be serviceable to Vertue herself. ——— But what, I wonder, could mean that pretty Gypsy, while I was toying it with the Butler? She simper'd and ogled so prettily. I have seen a worse Face in a Councillor's Cabinet. If she should be in Love with Slavery and Tatters, tho' it may give me a more favorable Opinion of my Person than it deserves, I shall have Reason enough to entertain but a moderate one of her Judgment. But ———

SCENE V,

S C E N E V.

*Enter to him Fidelia.**Fi.* What ! talking to yourself, Captain?*Me.* Ha ! My pretty One ! You may be sure it is for Want of better Company. But now——*Fi.* Ay, what now?*Me.* I shall not need to waste my Breath in Soliloquies : I have Matter before me to work upon, which will let neither my Tongue, nor any Part about me, lie idle on a good Occasion.*Fi.* To employ your Capacities wisely, answer me one Question. Are you single?*Me.* Ay marry am I ; and never was doubled yet, that's more.*Fi.* And yet you can't crack much of your Liberty.*Me.* Why truly my Trammels are but new taken off. I scarce know yet whether I am at Liberty.*Fi.* What would you give to be intirely so?*Me.* Give ? I was going to say I'd give you my Person : But, tho' that is all I have left to give, under my present Circumstances, it is such a poor All, that I dare hardly hope it will be able to bribe your Compassion.*Fi.* Do you think me then such a Mercenary ? I am no *Spaniard*, Friend, nor——*Me.* There's one Difficulty got over. But what, I wonder, can you have to say to me ?——*Fi.* I ask'd, if you was single ? You said, yes. I then ask'd, what you wou'd give to be free ? To that you answer'd, your Person, if to be accepted,----- If you are sincere in your Answers, Preliminaries are so far settled. Therefore, as we have no spare Time upon our Hands, I can only say at present, be upon your Guard, and be ready for what is to come.*Me.* A naked Man, as I am, without Arms, is like to be finely upon his Guard, My Dear.*Fi.* Take

Fi. Take that, and use it as you see Occasion, *(giving him a Dagger)* There are more Hands than mine at Work for you. — Be watchful: You shall soon hear farther. *Ex. Fidelia.*

Me. Is Fortune at her Wits End for a Frolick? Where can all this end? It is my very indentical, pretty Ogler, and a clever Lass she is. Such a one, and my ten thousand Pieces of Eight, — when I get 'em, — would make a tolerable Beginning a new World to a Man who has had such hard Measure in the old One. And yet, if this pretty Farie has not crouded my Noddle with Crotchets and Riddles, better Times are approaching. However, to hope is as easy as to despair. Sure that Man has little left to apprehend, who finds himself depriv'd of every Thing but This; — and This I will presume the Earnest of my future Fortune.

S C E N E VI.

Manly, unbound, brought in with Eliza by an Officer.

Off. My Orders were to leave you here.

Ex. Officer.

Ma. Ha! *Merry* here? What can this mean! — Do you know, *Merry*?

Me. Yes, yes. I'm the main Actor. 'Tis by my Means you are at Liberty.

Ma. On what Account, I pray?

Me. Only that I may throw away upon you a little of my Lip-Oratory.

Ma. For Shame! away! I am not in a trifling Humour, *Merry*, if you are.

Me. And I as little as you, *Manly*. But, if what I just now heard merits Regard, it will behove us both to be upon the Watch. To the Point then. — Know, I am brib'd, and that very lavishly, to prevail upon you to let your Spouse be at the Governor's

nor's House, and take Part of his Table.

Ma. And could you enter upon so preposterous a Proposal? Where is Honour and Honesty!

Me. In this very Breast of mine?

Ma. Are you sure of that, *Merry*? Things carry a very unpromising Aspect.

Me. As sure as you are *Manly*, or this your dear *Eliza*.

El. Pray, Captain, was you to make this fine Essay upon my Spouse, or me?

Me. Upon both: But upon which first, was at my Option. And here I have you both together. Come, I will tell you, that, tho' the Bribe is great, my Heart is greater: For no Bribe on Earth can tempt it to any unwarrantable Action: I abhor the Treason; tho', by the Example and Maxim of Princes, I think it no Harm to make Use of the Traytor.

El. Say or do what you will, I will never leave my dear *Manly*.

Me. Nor is it intended you shall for any long Time: And then he shall find more Eyes than his own upon you. But what Harm can there be in my giving him a little Hope, in order to bury him alive under the Tomb-stone of Expectation? Besides, Women, when they will, are a long While getting ready, and can invent a thousand Pretenses to avoid, or embrace an Evil, as Inclination dictates. Let me then have Orders, and I'll manage all to Advantage, or be responsible for Consequences.

El. The very Assent to any such Order, in my Opinion, would be criminal.

Me. You are too scrupulous: At the Worst, This shall do his or our Business. (*Shewing the Dagger.*)

Ma. Ha! How came you by that?

Me. You see here it is:— And here's another Specific, which you may stand in Need of.

D

Ma. Amaz-

Ma. Amazing still!——

Gives Manly a Handful of Gold.

Me. Nothing at all in that: It is Part of the Bribe. In short, leave all to me——

Ma. Do what you will, *Merry*: I assure myself I shall find you a good *Englishman*; tho' among *Spaniards*.

Me. Look you, *Eliza*; I received this from the Hands of one of your own Sex:—I put it into yours. Her Words to me were,—Make Use of it upon Occasion. Take back the same Words along with it, and leave all to Providence. *Giving the Dagger.*

El. Nay, now I am arm'd, the Dead *Eliza* shall inspire the Living: So let the *Spaniard* tremble.

Me. Put it up, put it up: I hear his Donship moving hitherwards, upon the Grand Pace.——
I'll meet him coming in, and let my Management be the Funeral of all Distrust. *Ex. Eliza.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Pedrillo: Merry meeting him.

Pe. Well, how stand Affairs?

Me. To your Wishes, when I have receiv'd——

Pe. The Remainder of the Cash, you mean?—It is ready, when I am confirm'd. Did the Husband consent?

Me. On some certain Conditions——

Pe. What are those?

Me. That nothing dishonorable be offer'd her; and that he be in the House with her.

Pe. Ay, ay. When did a *Spaniard* offer any Thing dishonorable? *Puncto* is his Motto.—Any Thing else?

Me. On her Side, the Woman pleaded like a Woman. Finery and gay Things your Honour knows

knows that Sex are vastly fond of. Those she de-
fir'd : I suppose,---in order to be amiable.

Pe. Them she shall have. Her own ;-- or if not
rich enough, the richest of my Wife's.---Was there
any Thing more ?

Me. The Captain desires he may make a short
Visit to the Sailors taken with him.

Pe. That-----That may be dangerous-----

Me. What Danger ? They are all in Chains, and
none of them arm'd-----

Pe. Will he admit an Attendant or two to go
along with him ?

Me. To be sure---he means no otherwise.

Pe. Well, well, I'll go and give Orders ; and
fetch you the Residue of your Money.

Ex. Pe.

S C E N E VIII.

Me. (*Advancing.*) Did you hear, *Manly* ? Or must
I repeat ?

Ma. You need not :---I heard the Main.

El. And I heard a fine Compliment thrown
away upon our Sex. What mean'd you by that ?

Me. What, in their own Tongue, they call *Palavra*.

Ma. But what Use can you make of my Visit
to the poor Sailors ?

Me. I put you in a Station I would be proud of
myself:---To comfort the poor Wretches, and see how
they fare ; and, if you have Opportunity, give
those few Pistoles among 'em.---But, pray use
Caution, for you are to have a Pair of Imps along
with you.

Ma. I heard as much ; and thus precaution'd I
dare set at Defiance the whole Inquisition.---Well,
dear *Merry*, I do not know your Design : But I am
confident I may safely venture to wish you Success.

Me. Troth, *Manly*, as yet I know but very little myself: But I dare say, I am in good Hands, because they fought me unask'd. My Pilot is not of the Masculine Gender: But I shall make such a Sail of her Petticoat, as I hope will out-do those of *Dedalus*, the first Inventer of Canvas Wings.

El. Is she a *Spaniard*?

Me. She satisfy'd me to the contrary of that on our first Interview.

El. If she was, sure our Sex must be tender-hearted in all Parts of the World.

Me. Hush, hush, I hear the Don and his Retinue advancing.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Pedrillo, follow'd by a Black and two others.

Me. One would think your Honour flew on the Wings of a Lover.

Pe. Honour has equal Power with Love in a *Spaniard*.-----This Slave shall wait on the Lady, to what Part of the House she pleases to chuse, with those Garments; and the other two are to attend the Captain.

Me. Do you hear, *Manly*?

Ma. And do you mind, *Merry*. (*In Whisper*)

Ex. Man. Eliza, two Waiters and the Black.

Pe. In that Purse you will find, in Jewels and Gold, more than is wanting to make up:— But I love to encourage Industry.

Me. I thank your Honour.

Pe. What remains to be done farther?

Me. I suppose you will take Care to see every Thing in proper Order.

Pe. I will give Orders directly; and if you stay here I will speedily call you to see with your own Eyes

Eyes the Justice I have done,——

Ex. Pedrillo.

Me. I shall wait accordingly.——

Now let me survey the Perquisites of my Office :
Better arriv'd at, since honestly, than most in all our
Offices in *England*.—— (*Takes out a Handful*)

This is of the true seducing Sort : But comes not
to my Hands sent with the Tears of either Widow
or Fatherless. Yet if this ever gets into my Na-
tive Country, the Highway-Man may take it, and the
Justice of Peace may take it from the Highway-
Man ; But I know not who'll venture to take it
from him, especially if he be a *Westminster*-Justice.
—Should it be taken before it reaches thither, happy
Dole to the Admiral and Agent ; but I fear the
poor Sailors would never see a Groat of it.

S C E N E X.

Enter Fidelia behind him.

Fi. Well, Captive ! Seeing the Coast clear, I am
come to make good my Promise.

Me. You do well to call me Captive, my pretty
Angel ; for you have made me so beyond your
grand Pirates : They did their Work by Halves——

Fi. I took your Word before ; and, if you are in
Earnest, am willing to take it again——

Me. In Earnest ? Can you doubt it ? Liberty
would be better lost in those Arms than found any
where else.

Fi. I have taken Care of our Don for one Hour ;
so have a little Patience and I'll convince you of
the Sincerity of my Intentions. (*going*)

Me. But hark you, my Angel, could you not, at
your Return, repeat your last Present ?

Fi. A Dagger do you mean ? What have you done
with the other ?

Me. In-

Me. Intrusted it in very safe Hands.

Fi. I'll see what can be done.

Me. What will be the End of all this who can say? To have Joy and Happiness thrown into a Man's Dish in the Midst of Want and Misery is wonderful!—is miraculous!—I long to know farther, and yet I dread to be depriv'd of the Pleasure of my Dream;—if it should prove a Dream. But, bless me! what have we here? Another Angel?

SCENE XI.

Enter Donna Caterina in full Dress, led in by Fidelity.

Ca. Entring) Are you sure all is safe, *Fidelity*?

Fi. My Life on it, Lady: ——— And to show my Obedience, Sir, I thus discharge your Request.—(*Gives a Dagger.*)

Me. And I embrace it, to use it in your Service, as Occasion shall require.

Ca. Is this the Friend you spake of, *Fidelity*?

Fi. He is more, Lady: He has promis'd to be my Husband, ——— if I set him at Liberty.

Ca. I wish you may deserve her, Sir. How often, and how strenuously she has been tempted by the Governor, and what Offers she has rejected, would, had I Time to recite all, amaze you. ——— But it demonstrated she was *English* ———

Me. Are you *English*, then, Lady? As an *Englishman*, then, permit me to pay my Devours---(*Kneels.*)

Ca. Her Story would surprise you. But, the better to prepare you for the Adventure in Hand, she will allow me to give my own the Preference. —Prithee, *Fidelity*, without calling any Servant, set Chairs: My Story may be so long, it will otherwise tire thy Friend.

Me. That Office shall be mine, Lady. I will be her Servant in this, and every Thing else.

Ca. You

Ca. You oblige me, Sir; pray sit. Sit down *Fidelia*.——So; —— Now to my Story. —— I was born in Old *Spain*, where I marry'd to my first Husband, Don *Ronquillo*, a Country-Man of my own. He was soon after sent over Embassador to the Court of *England*; and, more out of Tenderness, than to see the Country, he took me over with him. He had a Heart large and open, even to Profusion; which, together with the low Ebb of the Finance of that Court he was sent from, lay'd him under Inconveniencies which totally suppress'd his Spirits; and, by the Malice of his Enemies, his Corpse yet lies unbury'd in the Abby of your Capital, for Debts contracted on his Master's Account, which no succeeding Royal Head has to this Day had Honour enough to discharge. I, at that Time very young, return'd to the Country of my Nativity, where the Governor of this Place, on my Landing, first got a Sight of me; and, as he fancy'd and assur'd me, enough to make him fall in Love. He had just receiv'd his Commission, and Sailing-Orders, when he marry'd me: And I, flattering myself that I had got a second *Ronquillo*, without any great Difficulty was persuaded to venture on another Voyage. But, alas! the Tedioufness and Danger of the Passage were not my only Inconveniencies. I was soon convinc'd, that I had too far flatter'd myself with a Share in my Husband's Heart. So soon as we landed, all the innocent Freedoms which I had been indulg'd with in happy *England*, were cut off at a Stroke. My Chamber became my Prison; and two old Women (each of them a most lively Representative of the three-headed *Cerberus*) were placed over my most private Minutes, as Spies. But I cannot conceive for what:—Unless it was to gratify his natural Propensity to Jealousy.—But I fear I weary you——

Me. Far

Me. Far from it, good Lady :—My Ears stand wide open with Impatience to imbibe the Remainder. of your agreeable Narrative.

Ca. Little Gallantries (as you may call 'em) I always thought beneath my Notice. How others of my Sex may regard 'em, I neither know, nor care to know. They never mov'd my Meditation, out of Respect to myself, more than the Men: Tho' it always was my Opinion that, with a Woman of any Share of Honour, or Spirit, the frequent Practise of such idle Levities must inevitably lessen her Esteem of any Man, tho' otherwise indow'd with many valuable Qualities. For my own Part, I could, in Slight, have pass'd-by all such Peccadillos, if Offenses more enormous had not added to their Enormity. That of poor *Fidelia* struck me to the very Heart. When he had long, in vain, attempted to seduce her, by Presents, fair Words, nay even by Threats, to offer at sending her away to some other distant Country, purposely to deprive me of the Pleasure of her Conversation, is most insupportable, and what I cannot bear the Thought of.

Me. Pardon my Interruption, good Lady : Do you know where he proposes to send her ?

Ca. Sometimes he gives it out to *Panama* ; sometimes to *Lima* : But alas ! those are Cobwebs : I apprehend some worse Design. But be it what it may, separate we will not, can my Wit assist my Will. I have taken Care to provide, yes to secure Treasure enough to answer any Undertaking, how expensive soever. And would it not be very hard, Sir, to lose her who has sav'd me ? I remember, I surpris'd her in her Closet reading a Book, which, on spying me, she endeavour'd to conceal. I would admit of no Denial : For see it I would. But, I profess to you, Sir, it made my Curiosity shudder, when
I saw

I saw what Book it was. All the Power on Earth could not have sav'd her from the Extremities of the Inquisition had it been seen by any other. I told her then her Danger : She laugh'd and said she knew it all. This Intrepidity of hers inspir'd my Curiosity another Way. I read attentively ; and began to feel the Effects of it. We read together, and discours'd of what we read ; till I began to wonder at my self for continuing thus long under so many Errors. This naturally threw me under perpetual Reflections, and first brought me to a Resolution of seeking a Climate, where People might have Leave to consult their own Reason. But that which intirely fix'd me, was a Menace I lately receiv'd from my Father-Confessor, that if I refus'd to comply with some vicious Proposals he then had the Audacity to make me, or offer'd to make any Discovery, he would lay me open to the holy Fathers of the Inquisition : Terrible Dilemma ! But, under specious Pretexs, I obtain'd a Respite of three Days, which are all we had to perfect our Escape, and this is the last of them.

Fi. What say you, Spouse-Elect ? Dare you enter yourself an Adventurer ? Is not your Courage already got under the Northern Pole ?

Me. If it was, that good Lady's noble Resolution has inspir'd me with Love enough to melt all the Ice within ten Degrees of it.

Fi. I saw, and pity'd you, when first you was brought in, and have often seen you since ; but never lik'd you so well as now. — There's a Hand to hold my Heart by ——— (Giving her Hand.

Me. Pardon me, Lady (to *Ca.*) I must sign to my Commander ; and when I desert call me *Spaniard*. (Kisses *Fidelia*.)

Ca. I cannot think there is any Need of Addition : — But *Fidelia* has other Charms besides Beauty.

E

Me,

Me. After such a Character, how is it possible any Thing can be wanting to inspire Love? My Heart is largely loaded. I could throw myself at your Feet, my dearest *Fidelia*:——But, to inable me, I must implore you to lighten me of this Burden.

(*Pulling out his Bag of Gold and Jewels.*)

Fi. What's this?

Me. Some of the Governor's old Gold.

Ca. How!—Pray how came you by it, Sir?

Me. He had a Mind to a new Mistress, *Manly's* Wife, Lady, that's all.

Ca. And is this the Purchase of her Compliance?

Me. So he might think: But I never thought any Thing like it.

Ca. Do not touch it, *Fidelia*: It will polute our whole Stock. I could never have thought any *Englishman* would have been so mercenary.

Me. You quite mistake the Matter, Lady: It is intended for the Captain's Ransom. And as for his Wife, I defy any single Man in all the four Quarters of our World to insult her Vertue, as I have arm'd her with that Dagger you first gave me.

Ca. Where is she?

Me. In some Apartment or other of this House.

Ca. Alas, you may be too secure!——Come, *Fidelia*; let us look sharp. You'll be ready, Sir:— I have a Vessel waits for us.

Me. Hand and Heart are at your Service, Lady.

Fi. Don't stir: I'll be back in a Moment.

Ex. Ca. and Fi.

Me. Blessings go along with thee equal to my Wishes, Girl.——What a glorious Character our Country Folks have Abroad, did they but live up to it at Home!——Not mercenary, says this Lady! No *English* Mercenaries, says Fame!——Hem!——And yet in this there lies a Difference,

rence. In most other Countries, Corruption creeps upwards ; but in *England*, it works like a Purge, quite downwards.

Enter Fidelia hastily.

Fi. All's safe, and *Donna Caterina* has thrown herself into the Lady's Conversation. But I dare not stay ; For I saw the Governor making this Way, Adieu. *Ex.*

Me. What a lovely Creature she is ! The Inquisition have thee ! Old Nick, the Original of the Institution, first have them. My Blood curdled on the very Recital of her Danger. How I shall acquaint *Manly* with the present Prospect I know not. Sure *Donna Caterina* will instruct his Wife, since they are together. But hush ! — As I live, a *Spaniard's* a kin to a Rattle-Snake, and makes so much Noise with his Heels there's no Danger of a Surprise.

Enter Pedrillo.

Pe. Come, come along with me, and see with your own Eyes the Respect I pay your Country-Man.

Me. That's good : By that Means I shall better know where to watch, and how to defend. (*Ex.*)

S C E N E XII.

A large Prison with a Court before it, the Head-Jailer standing at the Door.

Enter Manly, with Splendissimo and Guzman, his Attendants.

Sp. (To Jail.) I come with Orders from the Governor for this Party to see and talk with the Prisoners.

Ja. What!—all together?

Sp. It does not express together or single: But so long as they are iron'd, there can be no Danger.

Gu. Not much——

Ja. I must leave 'em under your Charge then: For certain Affairs call me another Way.

Sp. We'll take Care of 'em till your Return.

Ja. There's the Key, you may do as you please.

Gu. Shall we bring 'em out?

Ma. If you please;—let the poor Wretches have a mouthful of Air. I shall consider your Trouble.

Gu. Here Sailors:—Your Captain has got Leave, by the Clemency of his Excellency, to see you.

(Sailors come out, and seeing Manly begin a Huzza.)

Sp. Hold, hold! That's beyond Order.

Ma. Poor Rogues, How fare you, my Lads.

(They offer again to Huzza.)

Sp. I tell you it must not be. It may give Offense.

Ma. It could be none, I hope, to give the poor Creatures a Glass or two of Wine, Don.

Sp. *Voto al Demonio*, I dare not concede, unless the Governor gave Leave.

Ma. I dare say, he is a Person of too much Humanity to refuse such a Trifle. I would gratify any one for his Trouble of asking the Question.

(Shewing a Pistole.)

Gu. St. *Jago*! with the Approbation of my Collegue, I would incumber myself with the Errand.

Sp. I see no Harm in asking the Question: You are sure of the Money.

Ma. There then, Don; *(Giving the Pistole)* and if you succeed I have the Fellow of it.

Gu. St. *Jago*! a generous Spirit! I go ——

Ex. Guzman,

Sp.

Sp. While he goes to ask his Excellency, if you please, Captain, I'll order the Wine, that they may be sure of it.

Ma. That's kind.—There's Money.

Sp. How much must I bring?

Ma. Lay it all out. I would willingly equip 'em once more with chearful Hearts. ——— *Ex. Sp.*

—Well my Lads, now we are alone, once more, How fare you all?

1 Sa. Are we alone? And are you sure on't, Sir? For if you prove mistaken, we shall all suffer for't; you may depend upon't.

2 Sa. Ay Mess, they watch us as Cats do Mice; and for much the same Mischief.

Ma. We are safe I warrant you.—But what Sort of Food do they give you?

1 Sa. Here's a Sample, Captain.

Ma. Fogh! Sure their Hogs have return'd it you for a Taste of their Master's Humanity. Could you get better, if I left you Money?

2 Sa. Yes, noble Captain: We have a little Angel, who visits us pretty often, and always leaves us Money; —and we have another Friend who lays it out for us.

3 Sa. Ay, marry; if it had not been for those two, you might have seen thro' us by this Time.—Mouldy Bisket, musty Beans, — with stinking Water for Digestion.

Ma. Whom will you intrust with it? ——— Take Care you chuse a proper Agent, ——— or

1 Sa. Ay troth---or indeed.----I remember once we were put to chuse Agents, and the Question was Old or New Testament Names. But I was resolv'd from that Time, if ever I chose again, I'd send to the *Turk* and borrow his *Alcoran*.

Ma. What think you of *Jack*.

All. A *Jack*, a *Jack*,

Ma.

Ma. There, *Jack*.

(*Gives Gold.*)

1. Sa. And if I slip the Value of a *Bit*, may a Halter slip me.

3. Sa. Indeed, Captain, you must conceive our Huzza; for you see they would not let us utter any.

Enter Splendissimo with Men bringing Wine.

Ma. So, Don: That's kindly done. Accept of that small Acknowledgment.

(*Giving Money.*)

Sp. If ever it lies in my Power, Capitano, you shall say a *Spaniard* can be grateful.

Ma. 'Tis Time enough to believe it, when I see it.

—Come, my Boys, fill round.---

1. Sa. Zooks! Captain, it is mainly good. Much of this, and our Tongues will hardly keep within side our Teeth.

Sp. Be merry as you please, my Friends: But be wise withal.

Ma. It is good Advice: Pray observe it, my Boys.---

1. Sa. Blessing on you, Don. May we not have a Song or two. We have some pure Singers for any Thing but *Italian*.

Sp. Take Care you sing nothing to give the Court Offense; and I'll stand upon the Watch.

1. Sa. Offense? Fill round: 'Gad, I'll have my Mistress's Song, if I die for't. It is a right good one, I'm sure I fet it myself; and, like a true Bastard of *Apollo*, compos'd it too.

First SONG;—of MOULDY MOLL.

Ma. And was this all your own, *Jack*?

1. Sa. Surely my own, noble Captain.

Ma. By the Contents, I find you wrote it in Chains.

1. Sa.

1 *Sa.* The Chains of Love, dear Captain, those irresistible Fetters. ——— But hang Sorrow, fill about ; and let him who faults it mend it.

2 *Sa.* I scorn to fault it, *Jack*, because you shan't call me envious Critick ; and yet I'll match it, and give you one as good, if not better.

Second S O N G.

Ma. Well done, Lads : ——— Who sings next ? Let's hear if any can better these.

3 *Sa.* Waunds, Captain, Ise gi yee a *Scotch Sang* worth two of 'em both.

Ma. Now then, *Sawny* ; come on.

Third S O N G.

4 *Sa.* Awa, Awa. ——— There's a Sang indeed. Ise gi yee a better twanty Times over.

Ma. No : I fancy we have had enough for the present : ——— Come let's be merry and wise.

5 *Sa.* Mefs, Captain ; if grim Death stood at the Door, your Sailors would give you one Dance.

Dance.

Ma. May such inoffensive Merriment always attend you, my Lads, and so I commend you to higher Protection.

All. Heav'n bless our noble Captain, and send us once more under Sail together.

Enter Jailer.

Ja. This has been a very unusual Favour, Captain : But, as it was by Order, none can find Fault. Come, Friends, along.

(*Shuts 'em in.*)

Ma.

Ma. Come, Don; we may be going too.

Sp. I must stay for my Companion, or all the Fat will be in the Fire.

Ma. I had forgot that: But I wonder what makes him stay so long.

Sp. I have a shrew'd Guess.

Ma. Is it a Secret?

Sp. Not to you;---for you have charm'd me, and I would die to serve you.

Ma. That would be such a Piece of Service as I could never repay; and for that Reason I can never covet it.

Sp. And yet you may want my Service before you are aware.

Ma. What mean you?

Sp. To save your Life; which only is in my Power to do.

Ma. You talk in the Clouds, my Friend.

Sp. To talk clearer then.---The Governor will no more listen to your Request about the Wine, than I will do what he has hir'd me to perpetrate.

Ma. What is that?

Sp. To murder you---

Ma. Murder me? I have scarce Faith enough to believe that. ---Is your Companion an Accomplice?

Sp. I disobey'd Orders, and never communicated 'em to him.

Ma. (*Looking wistfully*) I confess 'tis very odd. But pray, how have I deserv'd it at your Hands?

Sp. By what I have seen, and the noble Character your Enemies are forc'd to give you ---

Ma. Did he assign any Motives to this Peice of Barbarity?

Sp. Have not you a young, handsome Wife?

Ma.

Ma. Enough, Don :--You are honest; and I am too, too supine. Ah! my poor *Eliza*, where art thou now?---But sure *Merry* will be mindful.——

Sp. Who that *Merry* is I know not. But satisfy your self nothing will be done, till I have done; and tell him so too. Look you, Captain, as a Test of my Integrity, take that. And if I arm you, let that disarm all Distrust. Put it up: It is a right good one.

(*Giving a Dagger.*)

Ma. This!----This carries incontestible Confirmation along with it. But how will you come off?

Sp. Have Patience. Yonder comes my Companion. We must manage ourselves by his Discoveries. Well, *Guzman*----

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Guzman.

Gu. By St. *Jago*, I wish it was as you say.——
Had not you Orders to impart?

Sp. What there? (*Pointing to Manly*) What Opportunity had I?

Gu. Let us not lose one now then :---What fairer? No Mortal near.

Sp. I have a much properer in my Head.

Gu. Falshood's in thy Heart: Therefore take that---
(*Going to strike. Manly wrests the Dagger.*)

Ma. Hold! hold! What's the Meaning of this?

Sp. A Villain!---make him secure, what ever we do----
(*Offers to stab.*)

Ma. Stay!--Is there no other Way?

Sp. Not with Safety to ourselves.

Ma. Could not we bind him, and put him among the Sailors? It is but the common Course of the World; a Rogue among Honest Men----

Sp. It will do. The Jailor is my Friend, and will secure him for me.

F

Ma. And

Ma. And I'll be so much your Friend as to help bind our common Enemy. (*They gag and bind Guzman.*)

Sp. So. Now lend your Hand to his safe Delivery.--- So ho, Jailor : ---Here---let this Piece of Lumber be forth-coming ; and ask no Questions.

Ja. Throw it in : I'll take Care on't.

Sp. Well-----what think you now, Captain ?

Ma. I am lost in Thought :---Poor *Eliza* ! a Chicken among Kites.

Sp. Come, never despair : I'll along with you, and see if we can be as succesful in other Places, as we have been here.—But you must remain invisible : For I have no Way to come off but by confidently asserting, that I have done your Business. And as for your Lady, I shall then be at Hand to save her, as I have sav'd you.

*The Brave should never bend beneath his Fear,
For Vertue never wants a Guardian here.*

S C E N E XIV.

A large Hall in the Governor's House.

Enter Fidelia and Merry.

Fi. I tell you all Things are fix'd and ready ; therefore get as many of your Friends as you can in the Way, and my Lady will give Orders for their being taken into the Vessel.

Me. What will become of the Captain's Lady ?

Fi. Be you under no Concern for her. Let her Husband have all the Care you can spare from yourself ; and then all will be well.

Me. Was

Me. Was it to die, I'd obey my dear Charmer.
—How shall I ever be able to repay all this Fund
of Goodness?

Fi. Not in Words, I assure you.—Save your self,
and in so doing save me.

Me. Tender Creature! But thou art *English*, and
I will have one *English* Touch at thy Lips. (*Kisses.*)

Fi. No trifling now.—It is Time to leave you :---
But I hope it is soon to meet again.

Me. Run then away as fast as you can, or I vow
I shall be compell'd to repeat.

Fi. Very good, Captain :---Remember you advis'd
me to run away from you---- (*Ex. running.*)

Me. Say you so, Madam? Are those your Con-
structions? What a dear delicious Creature this is!--
I protest I have hardly Faith enough to trust my very
Senses.---A poor plunder'd Tar, destitute of Friends,
and every Comfort of Life, in a Country of Enemies
more treacherous than *Jews*, and more barbarous than
Canibals: Under all these aggravating Circumstan-
ces of Calamity to find a Fortune! such Fortune! a
Paradise guarded with Angels, who do not drive
me out, but invite me to enter. I wish it be not a
Dream. Sure I am, I can't recollect any one Part of
all my Life which has deserv'd it. But hush! I am
certain here's our Don coming.

S C E N E XV.

Enter Pedrillo.

Pe. Well, Captain :----- Are you satisfy'd in my
Preparations for the Lady?

Me. Prodigiously.

Pe. Do you think I shall not recover the World's
good Opinion, and in that retrieve my once forfeited
Character?

Me. Who can make any Doubt of it, Sir?

Pe. 'Tis well I have your Approbation.—Did you find your Money right?

Me. I so little doubted your Honour's Punctuality, that I never told it over.

Pe. No Matter : We'll tell it over together by and by. In the mean Time you may take a Walk in the Garden, and air yourself. I desire to be alone.

Me. I return your Honour Thanks (*Going*) — But I shall watch you. (*Aside.*)

Pe. I admire what should make *Splendissimo* stay thus. A true *Italian*, or a *Valencian*, would have done twenty such Jobs in half the Time. Sure he has not betray'd me---Or if he, *Guzman* would not.---This is costly Mischief :---But Love alas ! is always so. -- As for the *Englishman's* Reward, it will revert to its first Owner : For so soon as ever the amorous Affair is over, off go, with his, the Heads of all those Hereticks, and then——

Enter Splendissimo.

O Splendissimo ! I began to have anxious Thoughts.

Sp. *Cuerno !* Did your Excellency distrust me ?

Pe. Is the Business done ?

Sp. Let you own Eyes witness——

(*Shewing his Sword bloody.*)

Pe. Is that the Villain's Blood ?

Sp. As certain as this is my trusty *Toledo*.

Pe. Stay here, I'll fetch what I promis'd.

(*Ex. Pe.*)

Sp. Better and better that. Who can doubt the Success of our Enterprise, when the Enemy furnishes Money ? Now if my Chaps manage their Parts with any Dexterity, he must be hamper'd ; especially as he has swallow'd the Conceit of this Murder so glibly. The Truth of it is, such unparalell'd Cruelty towards Men

Men of such unparell'd Courage (as even they who took them acknowledge) shock'd my very Nature. We stand reproach'd by our own Historians for the numberless Massacres and Barbarities whereby this glorious Country was first obtain'd. The very Natives still bear 'em in Remembrance with hereditary Hatred: ——— But they, poor Wretches, never had it in their Power to retaliate. However, can it be consistent with *Spanish* Prudence to provoke a People who constantly have fill'd our Hearts with Dread and Terror, and who, by the very Artillery of their Navy, are always able to lay open our Towns to the Inroads of all Adventurers. --- But should I be overheard, I my self should be the first to experiment the Lenity of *Spaniards*, in which, to their Praise be it spoken, they are much of a-kin with the *Canibals*.

Re-enter Pedrillo.

Pe. There, my Friend, here's more than I promis'd you by fifty Pistoles: But you have done your Work well. --- Why is not *Guzman* with you?

Sp. He'll be with your Excellency speedily: He is only gone to see the Carcass convey'd to the Kites.

Pe. That's right--- wond'rous right. --- Nothing remains now, I think, but Secresy.

Sp. My own Security will instruct me there. But, if I be not too presumptuous, there is one Thing--

Pe. What is that? I am in Haste———

Sp. I opine so: The Publick always employs the Statesman's Care---But this---

Pe. Prithee, out with it then---

Sp. Why should you not immediately summon a Council, and at once stike off the Heads of all those Heretick Dogs? You will by that Means rid your self

self of great Trouble, all these unnecessary Charges ;
and keep this Secret into the Bargain.

Pe. Ha! — I mislike not your Proposal. —
But — It will take up too much Time.

Sp. What Time?

Pe. The Officer is not at Hand to summon —

Sp. Officer? If your Excellency would intrust me
with proper Authority, I'd ingage to have 'em all
here in one Half-Hour —

Pe. I take this Zeal of yours very cordially —
I think it may do — There's my Seal — make Use
of it — And when they are ready acquaint me —

(*Ex. Sp.*

Now for my lovely Quarry. — Dead Men can tell
no Tales ; — nor give the Living Interruption. —
She has cost me already upwards of four thousand
Pistoles : — A damn'd expensive Piece of Goods —
However I'll rummage every Mine about her, but
I will repay my self —

(*Noise within.*

—— What's the Matter? more Interruption.

(*Merry, to Lettice at the Door.*

S C E N E XVI.

Me. There he stands : — Now, *Lettice*, to thy Part.

Le. Never fear me. — Ah! my poor Mistress —
What's become of my dear Mistress?

Pe. What's here to do? Who is thy Mistress?

Le. Captain *Manly's* Lady: Some-Body told me
she was here. —

Pe. Some-Body told you? Who told you so?

Le. My poor Master himself; and bid me fetch
her to him —

Pe. Thy Master, say'st thou? When? Where?

Le. This Moment — below — in your great Hall —

Pe. Thou dream'st, sure —

Le. Dream, say you? Indeed I don't know but it
might be so: For he look'd terribly pale and ghastly —
and

and had a Wound in his Side.—Blessed Saints!
What a Wound he had!

Pe. Where is this Fantome!—

(*Advancing to the Door.*)

Le. Ah, *Lud!* there it is! — Don't you see it? —
What horrid Sawcer Eyes it has!

Pe. Where? I see nothing.

Le. O ye Saints! not see? Then you are blind.—
For my Part, I wish I was out of Sight of it. —

Pe. Huffy, this is all a Trick—I'll—

Le. Trick do you call it? I wish you have not
trick'd the poor Man out of his Life, among you—
What think you now? Do you see him now?

(*Here Manly appears.*)

Pe. Ha! Indeed I do; if my Eyes are my own —
And yet *Splendissimo*—But it advances!—Art
thou alive? — (Manly advancing and *Pedrillo* re-
tiring back)—What wouldst thou have with me? —
Did I kill thee? — (*Pedrillo* retreating backward to
the Door, *Merry* seizes him behind)

Me. (Holding a Dagger at his Breast.)—The next
Word you speak is your last.

Ma. Now, *Lettice*, let us seek your Mistress: He
is safe in *Merry's* Hands. (As they go out at one
Door, *Splendissimo* enters at another.)

Me. What have you done? (To *Sp.*)

Sp. Dispos'd every Thing to the best Advantage.
By Virtue of his Signet, I have set the Guards all at
a Distance.—I have summon'd the Council, who
are coming; and I have stripp'd your two Friends of
their Chains, who will be here before 'em.

Me. That's right.—Help to secure this Pri-
soner—

Sp. Ay, with all my Heart.—(They bind
Pedrillo, who shakes his Head and grinds his Teeth.)

SCENE XVII.

S C E N E XVII.

Enter Jenkins and Richwell.

Je. Well ; what are we to do ?

Me. In the first Place, move this Don on one Side ; and then be every Man ready to seize his Prize.

Ri. Where's *Manly* ?

Me. Gone to seek his Wife.

Je. Could not he have let that alone a little longer ?

Me. We are strong enough without him.

Sp. Take 'em one by one as they enter : I hear 'em coming.

As Gomez, Ruyz and Barbarossa enter slowly, one after another, they are seiz'd by Jenkins, Richwell, and Merry.

Me. Thanks to their Saraband Step, we have 'em.

Go. What's the Meaning of all this ? Where are our Guards ?

Sp. On Duty :— Where should they be ?

Ru. How came these Heretical Rascals at Liberty ?

Sp. By a Catholick Order :—How else ?

Ri. Methinks, at this Time, better Language might become your Donship.

S C E N E XVIII.

Enter Manly and Lettice.

Ma. I cannot find her any where—

Le. I'm

Le. I'm sure I've roar'd and baul'd till my poor Throat is quite sore——

Ma. Where is this Devil incarnate? If he does not produce her, and unblemish'd too, what he design'd should have gone thro' my Heart shall pierce thro' his.

Sp. Come, come, let us make these secure: I have provided Cords for the Purpose——

Je. Ay, pray let us make Use of our Time, for Fear of Accidents.

Ri. Couple 'em, and bind 'em Back to Back. That's safest.

Me. The safest Way to use your Cords, would be about their Necks.

Ma. No no, I shall put 'em to a better Use yet.——Where's the other?

Sp. Not far off.——So; now lay 'em quietly all together; and I'll go see after my Vessel.

Me. (To *Ped.*)——Tell what you have done with the Captain's Wife, and save farther Trouble.

Pe. I know nothing of her:——Tho' this I know, that I was bewitch'd when I put a Trust in any of you.——But Love——curfed Love——

Me. Lust——curfed Lust——What a Devil had Old-Age to do a Rutting?

Je. Was that our Don's Distemper? What if we sent the Grand Don his Master a retaliative Token. I am sure it would be but Justice: And I fancy these Dons Luggs would pickle well.

Ma. I cannot be at Rest.——I must find out my poor *Eliza*:——My Soul will be on the Rack till I see her.

Me. Don't stay, Captain——I expect every Minute Notice that the Vessel is ready.

Ma. A Navy should not carry me away without her.——Come *Lettice*. (Ex. *Ma.* and *Let.*

G

Me. She

Me. She must be about the House. If she is not found, I'll sacrifice you all to her Injuries.

Ba. Is that the Lenity you *Englishmen* boast of?

Me. You provoke us to Vengeance.

S C E N E XIX.

Enter Splendissimo hastily.

Sp. We are all a-ground again.

Je. What's the Matter now?

Sp. The Vessel I had provided is seiz'd, and carry'd off: And there is not another to be hir'd.

Me. What must we do in this Case?

Ri. Set Back to Back and fall like Men.

Je. Let us first make sure of these——

(*Holding up his Dagger.*)

Me. Hold a little. I have one Hope yet: My Guardian-Angel will not deceive me.

Je. So we are to dance Attendance, here in Expectation of Angels, till we have our Throats cut by Devils, must we?

Me. At least, stay till *Manly's* Return.

Sp. I have taken Care, by my last Orders, that you may do that without Danger.

Me. O my dear Heart and Soul! art thou come at last.

(*Seeing Fidelia.*)

S C E N E XX.

Enter Fidelia.

Fi. Finding you would not come without fetching, I relinquish'd my own Safety to secure yours. Come, come away: The Vessel is ready to receive you.

Je. What

Je. What Vessel, my Jewel?

Fi. Then you will not be sav'd unless you know by what Vessel? How can Men trifle so?

Me. Dearest Creature! prithee let us stay for the Captain.

Fi. Where is he?

Me. Gone to seek his *Eliza*.

Fi. What! the Mistress of our Don's best Affections?

Me. The same——

Fi. She is safe aboard: *Donna Caterina* took her along with her.

Me. Thou lovely Messenger of all good News! Spare me a Moment to find him out.

(*Ex. running.*)

Fi. Make Haste: Remember Time and Tide stay for no Man.

Sp. Are not you, Lady, *Donna Caterina's* Companion?

Fi. Are not you a *Spaniard*? How dare they trust you?

Sp. I was born of an *English* Woman.

Fi. They say, indeed, that's of the surer Side.

Sp. And I am of Opinion that Captain *Manly* will acknowledge, I have done him some Services.

Fi. *Englishmen* in their Nature do not use to be ungrateful.

Sp. And you yourself may be sensible, I have done somewhat to serve you.

Fi. Me? Wherein, I pray?

Sp. This Jailor would not have listen'd to you, but with my Approbation.

Fi. When that's explain'd, you shall find my Gratitude supplant my Distrust; and to make you Amends, I will turn my Suspensions into Favours.

S C E N E XXI.

Enter Manly, Merry and Lettice.

Ma. Where is this Coelestial Messenger? Let my Ears be bless'd with the News from her own Mouth. Do you say, Fair One, that my dear *Eliza* is safe?

Fi. And with the utmost Impatience waits to see you so: Tho' Donna *Caterina* had much Ado to prevail on her to go without you.

Ma. Where? How? When? I have ten thousand Questions to ask——

Fi. Take my Advice, and keep 'em all in Bank,—till you can ask 'em securely.

Sp. What must we do with these?

Ma. Keep 'em as Hostages for our poor Sailors.

Fi. Ha, ha, ha! Your Caution is commendable; tho' wholly out of Season.

Ma. How so, Dear Lady?

Fi. Because I saw 'em all safe aboard in the same Ship with Donna *Caterina*.

Ma. You amaze me more and more! If *Lucifer* was in the Way, I'd stay to hear that Point clear'd.

Fi. Since you will have it so (tho' I imagine there is no immediate Danger) I must tell you, that when Donna *Caterina* first form'd the Design of our Escape, she resolv'd, if possible, to accomplish the Liberty of those miserable Wretches. To that Purpose I was sent, from Time to Time, with charitable Relief; by which Means, I found a proper Opportunity of feeling the Pulse of the Person who had them in Keeping. A round Sum of Money (to him at least) and his own Safety stipulated, their Fetters were agreed to be struck off, and this was the Day pitch'd upon. He accordingly perform'd his Part: But the Captives were so surpris'd at a Thing which was least in their

their Hopes, that so soon as free'd, they ran directly down to the Harbour, and seizing a little Vessel, which lay there, made out to Sea without either Hesitation or Consideration. The Ship *Donna Caterina* had freighted lay in the Road; but not all our Signs, or Persuasions, could prevail upon 'em to stop, till this my Chap, their Jailor, seeing me on the Deck, assur'd them, that the Lady who had taken off their Chains was on board that Vessel, and might stand in Need of their Assistance. Upon this they directly brought to: — But with what Acclamations of Joy, and visible Tokens of Gratitude, did they enter when they saw me there, who had often been to see them in a worse Place!

Ma. What a glorious Girl is here! *Merry*, thou hold'st Communication with Angels——

Pe. Of the Black Sort, I deem.—*Hellen*, as I have read, was the Ruin of *Troy*——

Me. That *Hellen* ran away with a Whore-master:—Our *Hellen*, if you call her so, ran away from a Whore-master, and the Whore of *Babylon* into the Bargain. A fair Escape, I think.

Fi. Let us not trespass too much upon Fortune. However, if you will not impute it to my Vanity, I will demonstrate to you, that, tho' a weak Female, I was not without my Share of useful Circumspections.

Ma. What mean you, Fair One?

Fi. Not knowing how strong your Guards were, I brought along with me a Guard of my own. (*going to the Door*) Come in, Honest Friends, and see some of your old Acquaintance.

SCENE XXII.

Enter Sailors, who, after a loud Huzza, run to their several Captains, and express their Transport.

Ma. This is a Scene glorious, and moving, like the lovely Agent. O Lady! You have inspir'd me now with Fears and Apprehensions for your own Safety.—Let us hasten aboard: For should she who has done such mighty Things miscarry by our Neglect or Delay, the World might justly brand us with Ingratitude, or shameful Indolence.

Fi. I am never better pleas'd than in pleasing those I seek to serve.—You are thoughtful, Captain.

Me. Lost in Thought indeed I am: For I dare hardly hope my Happiness——

Fi. Whence arises your Distrust?

Me. From my own little Merit: But O! *Fidelia*, if you are in Earnest——

Fi. If I had not been in Earnest, I know no Business I had on Land again. But, to convince you, let my Hand, before all this Company, witness my Heart is yours.

Me. Joy, such as you now give me, ever attend my dear *Fidelia*: And greater cannot be on this Side Eternity.

Je. Egad, Lady, you have reconcil'd me to the whole Sex: And I shall never hereafter spare swearing cordially, that they are not all Trifles.

Ri. And I shall swear, as I us'd to do, that there is little Comfort upon Earth without them.

Fi. Come, Captain: How do you order Matters?

Ma. Sailors, take up those Gentlemen, and embark them first.

Fi. I know it will oblige Donna *Caterina*, that as little Injury as possible be offer'd them.

Ma. I

Ma. I intend 'em only as Hostages: So soon as we are safe aboard, they shall be set a-shore.

Ri. Nothing can be objected to that: Security is the first Principle of Nature.

Ma. As to publick Injuries, we must leave 'em to the Regard of the Publick: But I hope it will never be construed Treason, or Misprision of Treason, if we presume to set 'em a good Example.—Now, Sailors guard your Deliverer.

I Sa. Not the whole Force of *Spain* shall take her out of our Hands.

Me. O my Angel! How pleasing is such Ardor so honestly employ'd?——For me, I should look upon myself as the most ungrateful Monster existing not to employ every Moment of my Life in the Study of your Happiness.

Fi. And you are sure this loving Mood of yours will last? Come, never afflict yourself for an Answer; I am resolv'd to try what you are made of.

Me. And, long as Life gives Leave, I am resolv'd to demonstrate, that I am obstinately bent to convince you of my Gratitude, my Love, and my Sincerity.

(*Kissing her Hand at each.*)

*Sorrows so recompens'd lose all their Pain;
And well the Ways of Providence explain:
For tho' a While the Contraries may meet,
The Bitter still subsides, and leaves the Sweet.*

Exeunt Omnes.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

To be spoken by FIDELIA.

Ladies, I fear my loving thus at Sight,
You'll deem a Character contriv'd in Spite;
Or else conclude me over-kind and coming,
Away with thred-bare Sailor to be running.

A Coach and Six, as this wise Age has seen,
A more commodious Vehicle had been.

Vertue in Grandure lost prohibits Shame;
But tatter'd Vertue merits only Blame.

Yet, pray consider my forlorn Condition;
In a strange Land, threaten'd with Inquisition,
That Scandal to Religion to be dreaded more,
By honest Minds, than all the Egyptian Store;
Where Sin it is not to comply with Sin;
And Priests with Pitch-forks Innocents hawl in.
What we, in downright English, would call Whoring,
They nickname holy Method of Amouring;
And She, whose Conscience kecks at pious Text,
Is sure, as she's alive, to make their next.

To this, pray, add a Don who's loosely given,
Who, like some here, keeps Wife at Six and Seven,
Then, in due Reference to Marriage Knot,
Piously makes the Neighb'rhood round his Rut.
Bribes high intemp'rate Wishes to obtain,
Yet won't allow poor Doxey to complain;
But throws with Riot round his Golden Bait,
As if his own were Evils of a State.
For my Part, bravely tho' I all deny'd,
I found it inconvenient to be try'd.

Then Men who Pardon have for their Pollution,
Will view their Crime with double Diminution.

These Reasons, Ladies, will, I hope, secure me,
And make you all of poor Fidelia's Fury.

For tho' a Husband now takes Charge of Honour,
My Care shall be that none cry Out upon her.

Pardons and Pilgrimage our happy Land
Have wisely, long since, voted contraband.

Indulgences along with them are flown,
Our Mates have no Indulgence but their own.

To a short Compass the Dispute is thrown
Whether a bad Religion's best or none?

All you who to a middle State incline,

Hold up your Hands for me;—for that is mine,

Poisons are always dang'rous to the Taker,

From Jack of Leyden, down to Jack the Quaker,